


0bin - encrypted pastebin

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Prologue

That place was a war zone.

Of course, a normal junior high student who lived in Japan currently would not know of a true war zone. However, there was no other word he knew to describe what was going on before his eyes.

SPLASH!

"!"

Blood splatted--

SQUISH!

". . .!"

Meat torn appart--

!!!

". . ."

The cries of a man echoes throughout--

The grusome state was nothing else but a scene in a hell zone.

The outcome of the battle was already determined. It was so one sided to a point no one can call it a battle any longer.

"I'm going pyo~n!"

The boy that had his tongue hanging in an untidy manner attacked the boys with his silly voice.

"Swiishhh! Wohoooo~~~!"

Punch! Stab! Slash!

With such light movements, which were nothing like a human's; the boy ran, lept, punched and even bit. The punks that were supposed to be used to fighting sunk into a puddle of blood before they were even able to fight back.

And there was one other--

"Too much labor. . ."

A boy with glasses that had cold eyes which, appeared as if he did not hold interested in anything in this world.

"Don't make me sweat extra."

Swish! Squirt!!

The moment the sound of the wind was heard, as if it were magic, the punks that surrounded him, collapsed. Briefly, you were able to tell the boy with the glasses was swinging something from his hand. Though, he was unable to see what the object was. The way he annihilated his opponents silently gave him a strange sense of eeriness in comparison to the other boy.

"Ah... ahhhh...."

The trembles running through his body wouldn't stop.

The sight of the two boys and their unbelievable strength getting rid over 50 punks gathered in Kokuyou Healthy land.

"This... this..."

He clenched his fist hard.

"Stop! Stop it already! What is the point of this!"

His cries didn't reach the two boys as their continued to attack the punks.

"Violence is the worst! Especially something so one sided like this... Hey, listen to me! Hey!"

There was no meaning behind his desperate cries.

While that occurred, the number of victims of violence simply increased.

"Ugh..."

He ran.

Toward the one man who sat in the back of the hall with his arms crossed, silently observing.

"Rokudou Mukuro!"

The man gave a glance toward him, but he drew his gaze back to the battle once again, as if he lost his interest instantly.

"Listen to me, Rokudou! Stop Jyoushima Ken and Kakimoto Chikusa now! You're their leader, right!"

"..."

"Say something! It's true that the one who started the fight was Yaginuma! But, there's no reason of bringing it this far! You can't possibly go against violence with violence!"

"..."

"Rokudou! If you say you guys aren't going to stop, I'll..."

"What will you do?"

The man before him opened his mouth for the first time. His voice was full of dignity.

Fear struck him even more.

Just a word said everything. Rokudou Mukuro. He was a person who has gone through unthinkable amounts of blood and violence.

"I... I..."

What was he supposed to do?

He couldn't just let the violence before his eyes pass by.

Though, what was there for him to do to stop it?

He was... helpless.

"Why... would you..."

Within his mind, trembling with agitation, he recalled the memories of himself before he met them.

He was there innocently passionate with hope.

He was there, thinking he can bring everything to the right direction with his strength.

Until he saw the scene of an unbelievable reality before his eyes.

Part I

There's a term called the broken window glass theory.

When a single broken window glass is left alone, it is said to invite further problems and in conclusion, it'll lead to severe damages in people's living environment.

Though, when you turn that theory around, you can also say, by taking care of the smallest crimes, it is possible to prevent the creation of larger crimes.

Hitsuji Masato won't forget the way he was greatly impressed when he learned about that theory.

That is why he was able to continue until today without giving up.

The job as the president of the student council of Kokuyou Junior High.

"Pant pant. . . I'm sorry, president. My homeroom extended pretty long. . ."

"It's fine, Kabane-kun. I just came right now too."

Masato welcomed the vice president, Kabane who entered the student council room with a warm smile.

"But, just because you're in a hurry, it's not good to be running down the hall. We are the ones who should be cautioning others about small rules broken like that."

"Oh! I-- I'm sorry. . ."

"Also, your hair. It's like your bed head."

"This isn't my bed head, it's my hair style. . . wait, that has nothing to do about breaking rules!"

"Hahaha. . . sorry sorry."

Masato laughed at Kabane pouting his lips.

"Well, let's go."

Masato rose from his seat with a bucket and a wash cloth.

Kokuyou Junior High.

It is known to be a bad school where negative rumors don't stop amongst the neighbors.

That is clear, even just by looking at the school building; garbage all over the halls, graffiti on the walls, windows broken to a point where fixing funds couldn't keep up to the damage, therefore it was left taped up.

In addition to that, majority of the students and teachers witnessed the sight and there wasn't a single person who tried to take action.

Except for one person; the president of the student council, Masato.

"Sigh. . . this doesn't come off easily."

"Yeah. But, let's work hard."

"It would be much better if there was more people to help."

". . ."

Masato's eyes swayed with loneliness.

The two were working hard trying to erase the graffiti drawn on the back of the school building.

Attempting to restore the environment of Kokuyou junior high, Masato put all his efforts upon becoming the president of the student council. At first, his friends in the student council agreed to Masato's ideas and helped.

Though, Masato's works didn't blossom with success and resulted with his friends leaving one by one and before half a year passed, no one was left.

But Masato did not give up and continued to work hard. Believing every small effort done everyday will change his beloved school.

"President?"

Kabane called him, noticing Masato suddenly stopping.

"I-I'm sorry. I think I've said something unnecessary."

"No, don't worry about it. Let's hurry and erase this."

Masato formed a smile as he concentrated in erasing the graffiti.

Kabane carefully observed Masato.

"Um. . . president. . ."

"What?"

"I. . . I wanted to ask you about something since before."

He appeared to be hesitating, though he continued his words.

"How can you continue with such things as this?"

"Eh. . ."

"Oh, I'm sorry, the way I phrased it was wrong. But, I didn't understand who you can be so strong."

"Strong? . . . I'm nothing like that. I used to learn karate when was in elementary school, but it's nothing I can be proud about. . . "

"It's not about that!"

Kabane eyed Masato directly.

"If it was me, I would've given up already. As you can see, the graffiti won't decrease and it seems like people who commit crime doesn't feel any guilt. . . I always wonder if it isn't tough for you."

Masato smiled faintly at his underclassmen looking so upset as if it was his personal business.

Everytime he saw Kabane, he was able to be at ease. He felt as if his heart, that was moments from turning hard, was being relieved.

That is probably all due to his kindness.

"You know. . ."

When he noticed, Masato naturally started to speak.

"Can you listen to my story?"

". . . eh?"

"There was an older boy that I used to call Ta-kun in my neighborhood."

"Um. . . "

Kabane appeared to be startled at the sudden change in subject. Masato continued to speak.

"Ta-kun was so nice and smart. He was the leader of all the kids in the neighborhood. When he grew older, he entered this junior high and became the president of the student council. It's a while back, though."

Masato's eyes thinned as if he was gazing at the past nostalgically.

"The way Ta-kun wore the Kokuyou uniform was so cool. Unlike how it is now, Kokuyou was totally different back then and it was a normal school. Everyone who was around Ta-kun looked like such nice people. I can enter that wonderful world one day and I can be a cool junior high student. . .so, I thought."

"President. . ."

Kabane looked at Masato sympathetically.

The current Kokuyou was far from the ideal world he speaks of. How devastated could've

Masato been when he entered Kokuyou junior high with passion?

"Let's work hard, president!"

Unexpectedly, Kabane shouted as he scrubbed against the graffiti.

"Kabane-kun. . .?"

"I understand how you feel a lot, president! Since I. . ."

His cheeks flushed as if he were embarrassed.

"I. . . admire you."

Emitting those words with a faint voice, he tried to hide his embarrassment by scrubbing against the wall with extra strength.

Upon looking shocked for a moment, Masato expressed a smile from the bottom of his heart.

"Thanks."

He then continued to erase the graffiti as well.

Today will again, end with another step of effort. To welcome a better tomorrow. That is what Masato believed in.

However,

"Hey, Hitsuji."

"!"

Masato's expression clouded as he witnessed a boy with a nasty attitude with his group of friends that followed.

"Yaginuma. . ."

"You're doing this again, by yourself? You're such a bored guy."

". . . Is there something you want from me?"

"There's nothing I want from you. More like. . ."

It was an unexpected occurrence. The man called Yaginuma struck his foot straight into Masato's stomach without hesitation.

"Ughh!"

"Watching people like you pisses me off. You look as if you're the only one doing

something good. . . Don't try to be such a good boy with such pointless things like this!"

"It's not. . . pointless. . ."

"Shut up!"

Crash! Another kick struck Masato's stomach, who was curled up on the ground.

"Come on! If you're mad at me, come against me!"

"I don't use violence. . . never. . ."

"You wuss!"

Upon one last strong kick, Yaginuma looked down at Masato with disgust.

"Damn! I'm about to go have a fight so, don't waste my time like this. Alright, let's go."

Yaginuma ordered the other boys behind him as he started to walk away with his back towards Masato.

"Wait. . . Yaginuma. . . "

"Huh?"

"You just said. . . a fight. . ."

"Yeah. I'm going to wrap up some bratty new comers. I don't know how they were in their previous school, but I'll show them that I'm boss of Kokuyou."

Saying that, Yaginuma slammed his fist in his palm.

Jyoushima Ken.

Kakimoto Chikusa.

And Rokudou Mukuro.

Masato heard of the new students that came to Kokuyou three days ago. Normally, he wouldn't have cared too much but, if there were three new students, that's a different story. It's not like they were blood related. Rumors say that they've gotten into severe trouble from their previous school and got expelled so, they were sent to Kokuyou junior high which was like a gathering grounds of punks.

Hearing that, the leader of the punks, Yaginuma probably decided to take action.

"According to rumors, they seem to be really bad but, we have the numbers. No matter how strong they may be, they can't win against us with only three people."

"Stop it Yaginuma! Why is there a need to do that?!"

"Need? Don't say such difficult things. If you're a man, don't you want to decide who's the strongest?"

"There is no need for that! There are a lot of people out there who live peacefully and dislike violence! But, you guys. . ."

"Shut up. If you continue to babble of nonsense like that, I'll seriously kill you."

Glaring at Masato with a glint in his eyes, Yaginuma and his friends left the area.

"A--are you alright, President. . ."

After Yaginuma disappeared, Kabane inched closer towards Masato.

"I, I'm sorry. . . even if you were in that state. . . I was scared. . . and I couldn't do anything. . ."

". . . we need to stop them."

"Eh?"

"We need to stop Yaginuma! We can't have them fight!"

Part II

"Be careful right there! There's a hole."

"Uh, okay. . . wah!"

"Kabane-kun!"

"I-I'm alright. . ."

Masato patted his chest with relief.

The two were running through a demolished area formally called Kokuyou center that had multiple entertainment facilities. This was a place where the delinquents of Kokuyou junior high gathered and was used to commit crime.

"Kabane-kun, you really should go home. If something happens to you. . . "

"I won't go home!"

Despite his body trembling, Kabane spoke clearly.

"President, you're hurt and if something like before happens. . . I just can't stay still!"

"Kabane-kun. . ."

His kindness made him happy. Though, Masato knew how dangerous this place was. People who can commit bad doings in a public place such as school can lose control at a place where they are less monitored.

Masato learned that physically in the past.

"But, isn't this kind of reckless. . . and this isn't like you. I thought solving problems from the small ones and working up to it was your method. . ."

"I can't just let it pass by when I know they are going to fight. It's worse to pretend not to see it happening."

"President. . ."

Eyes mixed with expectation and worry gazed at Masato.

They continued on the path scattered with rubble and reached the building with the sign that read Kokuyou Healthy land.

"!"

Masato's expression stiffened upon hearing the scream that echoed from the building.

"Wait here. I'll go inside alone."

"But! I. . . I'll . . . go together. . ."

"Just, stay here!"

He spoke strongly to Kabane as Masato charged into the building.

The further he went up the stairs, the screams grew closer. The sixth sense within him kept ringing with alarm, but Masato ignored that and continued to run.

"!"

And--

Masato witnessed hell before his eyes.

" . . ."

-- what will you do?

At Mukuro's question, Masato could not respond.

What he heard behind him were the sounds of violence. Jyoushima Ken and Kakimoto

Chikusa did not appear to stop anytime.

"Ugh. . . "

He had to do something--

There's no mistake that the one who initiated the fight was Yaginuma and he was the one to blame.

But, there was no reason to do something as much as this.

". . . please."

Masato fell to his knees before Mukuro.

Placing his hands flat, he bowed to the ground.

"Please stop something like this. . ."

"Why would you do such things like this for others?"

"They aren't just other people. They're friends from the same school. That's why. . ."

"Do you really think so?"

"!"

"If you really think that way, why can't you fight to protect your friends?"

Mukuro's quiet words thrashed about inside Masato with impact.

"Gah!"

To the scream he heard right behind him, Masato instantly turned around.

"Yaginuma!"

Yaginuma with blood covering his head was lying on the concrete. Glaring down at his head with cold eyes was the boy with glasses, Kakimoto Chikusa.

"U. . . ugh. . . please. . . stop. . . "

Yaginuma, the leader of the punks and formally a skilled fighter of the karate dojo that Masato used to attend. As if everything about that was a lie, he was shedding tears and begging for mercy.

". . . "

Masato's pulse grew faster.

The guys that were unable to control with words. . . but, with violence they were easily at mercy--

"What will you do?"

"!"

Kakimoto asked as Masato's expression stiffened.

"I want to finish this quickly. If you aren't willing to do this, just go home."

Masato's words were stuck. All the punks were all silenced at this point. That didn't mean, no, that was more of a reason to not let Mukuro and the others just go.

"Hey~ look at this Kaki-P."

A laid back and happy voice echoed.

"Ah!"

Masato rose to his feet while voicing his shock.

The boy with his tongue hanging. . . Jyoushima Ken had Kabane tied up.

"Kabane-kun, why!"

"I- I'm sorry. . . but, I was just so worried. . ."

"He was hiding by the pillar over there. Heh heh what should I do to him~"

Seeing Kabane trembling in his arms, Jyoushima licked his lips like a cat torturing a mouse.

"Stop! Please let him go! He doesn't have anything to do with this!"

"I don't want to. Why do I have to listen to you? The only one who can command me is. . ."

Jyoushima's eyes then lit with a hint of seriousness unexpectedly.

"Only Mukuro-san."

"!"

Struck with his spirit, Masato backed away.

Despite his silly appearance, he emitted the same beastly scent like Mukuro that was thirsty for blood. It was an unhumanly aura that only those who've gone through numerous deathly battles emits.

Masato was completely cornered.

There wasn't a fragment of chance for Mukuro and his minions to listen to him. For them most likely, Masato wasn't even worth talking to.

"I. . . "

What was he to do--

What could he do to stop the worst from happening--

"I. . . I. . . "

"Hey, Kaki-P~ Is it okay for me to have him?"

"Don't ask me. Do as you like, Ken."

"Wha. . .!"

Jyoushima opened his mouth. His large fangs like the ones of an animal appeared which were aiming Kabane.

"Thanks for the food~!"

Kabane's fear struck face looked towards Masato.

His eyes that were begging for help shook Masato's emotions strongly.

And--

"Stop ittt!!!"

Masato was running.

Before he can think, his body was moving.

"Wha?"

Jyoushima turned to Masato with a confused expression.

Masato charged straight towards him and the moment he approached him, he quickly stopped.

"Huff!"

With a short breath, Masato drew his right fist back, low behind his waist.

A proper straight is done with a strike coming from the twist of the waist.

Karate; he was forced to learn from his father and one of the reasons why Masato hated violence. . . however, his body still remembered the teachings.

"Haaaaaaaah!"

BAM!

"Kyan!"

A sharp punch struck Jyoushima's face. The hand that held Kabane was released as he fell over backwards.

"Pant. . . pant. . ."

With rough breaths, Masato stood there.

Before his eyes was Jyoushima who cringed in pain.

". . ."

Yes--

A man that even Yaginuma and the others couldn't defeat--
With my. . . own fist--

"President. . ."

"!"

There was Masato's face that looked as if he just woke up from a dream.

When he noticed Kabane who was looking at him with a worried expression, he quickly grabbed his hand and began to run.

"U-um, Presi. . . wah!"

Without having time to deal with Kabane who was confused--
Masato fled from the nest of violence as fast as he could.

"I-- I can't. . . anymore. . . "

Exhausted, Kabane fell over on the spot.

Away from the old highway where the Kokuyou Center was located, they reached the new highway. There were more cars and people so, they thought they would be safer here.

"T... thank you so much, President."

Still out of breath, Kabane got to his feet and bowed to Masato.

"President, you were so cool! Saving me from those strong people. . . "

"Don't say it!"

To the sudden tremble of his enraged voice, Kabane swallowed his breath.

"Just, forget about it. . . what happened there. . . forget everything. . . "

With his voice trembling, Masato began to walk.

His lifeless eyes traced his own fist.

The fist that punched Jyoushima-- as if he was verifying the heat remaining there.

"Ow! Be a little nicer, Kaki-P."

"If you don't want to, I won't do it for you."

"Ahh, fine. Just hurry up."

"I'm done already."

"Oh, thanks."

Jyoushima licked his lips with warlike eyes. He had a gauze placed on his cheek with the help of Kakimoto.

"Hey~. . . Can't I kill him?"

"You can't."

"Not even a bit?"

"No."

"How about a tiny bit?"

"No."

"Even a teeeeny weeny bit?"

"No."

"Eeeee! No no no no. What are you, a no-no glasses?!"

". . . What's a no-no glasses?"

"That's. . . "

"You don't need to say it. Too much labor."

(re: the term used here was "dame megane" which literally translates into "loser

glasses". By stereotypical default, a character with glasses commonly carries some sort of fault in their characteristics and many times portrayed as a 'loser'.)

"Gahh! I'm pissed. I'm so pissed! I can't stop anymore! Blood fest, blood fest!"

"Are you going to go against Mukuro-sama?"

That one phrase stopped Jyoushima's excitement.

"N-no. . . There's no way I would go against him. More like, I don't get it! Why does he bother doing something this bothersome!"

"Since it's fun."

"!"

To the cool voice that rung unexpectedly, both Jyoushima and Kakimoto rose instantly.

"I would like to enjoy this world a bit. Since we were able to go out for once."

". . ."

The expressions on the two clouded.

It was only a few days ago when they escaped from the prison in Italy. Even if they fled to Japan, there was no guarantee for them to continue hiding from the pursuers.

They didn't mind about themselves.

As long as this one person--

"Do not worry, you two. I am continuing to advance our true motives as well."

"But. . ."

"The first gate has opened. It's from here. I would like to see more."

"You would like to see?"

"Yes. . ."

The character of "six" on his right eye glowed mysteriously.

"See. . . people."

Part III

The first time Masato punched a person was when he was in third grade.

Masato was physically weak, so his father made him attend karate classes. Within the

rules where stopping inches away was required, one day, Masato's fist hit one of his practice partner's face.

Masato never forgot that feeling from that time.

The feeling of hot flesh and hard bones crushing against his fist. The same as him.
. . the feeling of punching a living being with warm blood flowing in their body--

"Um. . ."

"!"

Masato snapped out and turned around at the presense of Kabane who hesitantly entered the student council room.

"U--um. . . hello. . ."

"Uh, yeah. . . "

Kabane's attitude was unnatural. Which was the same for Masato as well.

As if Kabane couldn't bear with the awkward silence, he spoke.

"Y-you're doing it today too, right? Erasing the graffiti on the school the walls .
. ."

". . ."

"Oh, or are we repairing the windows? Or replanting the flowers in the garden? Or since the garbage is increasing lately, should we do that instead. . ."

". . ."

"I-it's pretty quiet today, isn't it? It seems like a lot of people were absent. I guess it's all due to what happened yesterday. . . "

"!"

Masato's complexion suddenly changed.

"Ah. . ."

Kabane quickly covered his mouth with his hand, but it was too late.

"Kabane-kun."

"Y-yes!"

"Did you tell anyone. . . about yesterday?"

"N-no! I haven't told anyone!"

"Oh. . ."

Masato muttered as if he was tired as he scrunched his bangs.

Kabane observed with a worried look.

Looking at those eyes of his somehow calmed Masato's disordered emotions.

The fact that he would always be his ally was moral support for Masato that warmed his heart.

"Phew. . . "

Anyhow, he had to forget what happened yesterday.

That was an accident.

He would never use violence ever again.

The best way was to steadily, peacefully, change the school to how it was before.

"Yes. . . there's no other way. . . from now on, I will continue to. . ."

"Hey, Hitsuji."

It was that moment.

Someone unexpected entered the student council office.

"What are you mumbling by yourself. Huh?"

"Yaginuma. . ."

With bandages wrapped around his head and his face swollen, Yaginuma continued his act of trying to look strong by sticking his hands in his pockets.

"Come. I have something to talk about."

The roof was like the back of the school and was the gathering grounds for the delinquents.

However, now, an empty breeze ran though and the only ones standing there was Masato and Yaginuma only.

"I decided to follow Mukuro-san."

"!"

To Yaginuma's words, Masato's body trembled.

". . . are you seriously saying that?"

"I can't help it!"

Shouting, Yaginuma cringed at the pain from his wounds. His eyes filled with rage and regret.

"It was an instant! There were fifty of us and it was an instant! He's not a level of strong! If we don't follow him. . . we'll seriously be crushed for good. . ."

An overwhelming emotion conquered Yaginuma.

The name of the emotion -- fear.

"Why are you telling me this. . ."

"A piece of advice. Don't go against Mukuro-san. Since we've known each other for so long, I've ignored your acts most of the time. But, Mukuro-san won't do that."

Yaginuma's rough hands grabbed Masato's shoulders as he eyed him straight.

"Just shut up and stay calm. Then you won't be defeated either."

". . . "

"Hitsuji!"

". . . I can't."

Masato muttered weakly.

"If I quit, then who would make this school a better place? What will be the meaning behind everything I did!"

"Open your eyes already!"

CRASH!

Yaginuma violently grabbed Masato's collar and slammed him against the fence to prevent people from falling.

"There was no meaning behind everything you did since the start! When you did everything all by yourself, did anyone follow you? Were you able to change anything?!"

"Ugh. . . "

"This is a place like that! No, everywhere is like that! The strong one always does

what they want to! There's no point of doing small acts secretly like that!"

"I won't stop. . . I will never. . ."

"Quit it already! Or what, are you saying you're stronger than Mukuro?!"

"!"

The atrocious scene of the day before reappeared in the back of his mind.

Within the area where the scent of blood spread--

To Jyoushima. . . he. . .

"No!"

He held down his shivering fist as Masato released a scream.

Seeing Masato in that state, Yaginuma snorted with despise.

"See. Even you know. That there's nothing that can be done."

"No. . . I. . ."

"You're just full of nothing but words! You can't change anything even if you try. You're just a wuss that's nothing but words!"

"No. . . no . . ."

Masato began to tremble as he fell to his knees.

That was fear. But, it wasn't because of Mukuro or Yaginuma.

The fear of his dream along with himself being denied.

In addition to that, the fear of awakening the "beast" within him due to that.

"Do as you like. Just be the only good boy forever. Until no one cares about you anymore!"

Yaginuma's jeering continued without mercy.

"You were different before. You were equal with me in karate and you stood above everyone else. Now what's up with this now? You're a worm. No, even worse than that. . ."

"STOP!"

A painful cry ripped apart the air.

"Don't look down on me. . . don't. . . look at me with those eyes. . . "

Masato wobbled as he rose.

He-- couldn't stop anymore.

Shaking his body up with violent emotions pouring, Masato glared at Yaginum.

"I don't want to be mentioned by you! Someone like you, who was bawling like a kid after being beat up by one of Mukuro's minions!"

"! You!"

Yaginum was enraged at that moment.

He threw a punch towards Masato with his bandaged hand.

"Waaaaahhhh!!!"

It was instantaneous.

Masato's left arm dodged Yaginum's fist and a right hook was thrown directly instinctively.

Whack!

He got him.

Straight into Yaginum's face.

"Uwooooooooooh!"

Sitting astride Yaginum who collapsed on the ground with his back to the ground, Masato continued to punch his face.

"Wahhh! WAHHH!!!"

Again and again--

With loud cries, tears flowed from his eyes--

Again and again--

Masato. . . continued to punch him.

Thump thump thump. . .

In the deserted area, the sound of footsteps echoed down the staircase that lead to the roof.

Witnessing the atrocious event that continued on the roof, there was an expression of pain engraved deep in the man's face. As if he were trying to hide that, he wore his school cap low over his eyes.

"Isn't this a rare sight. You coming to school."

"!"

To the voice that rung unexpectedly behind him, he gasped as he turned around.

"Since when. . ."

"I noticed you were there. But, it's not good to be peeking like that."

"Ugh. . ."

Clenching his teeth with frustration, he glared towards the boy who had a light smile.

"You. What do you plan to do in this school?"

"What will I do? A student is supposed to go to school. I'm a star student. I've never been absent since I've enrolled into school."

"Quit joking! What are you thinking to be doing such deeds like that. . ."

"Why are you so mad?"

Quiet words. Though, they accurately clawed at his heart.

"Do you see yourself against that boy? Is that why you came here to see what happened?"

". . ."

"That's right, isn't it. . . senpai."

(re: senpai is frequently used for addressing upper classmen in school, but it does not always have to be a school. It's just a term used for someone who was at a certain place before you.)

"!"

Senpai-- that word was whispered sweetly yet, bitterly by his ear like a devil.

"Ugh. . . ughhh. . . "

"Oh, please don't suffer. I didn't mean it like that. But, please don't interrupt my game. Well, not like you can."

To the gentle faced boy, a dark shadow was casted for a moment.

"You are my slave, Lancia."

The boy's voice held warmth, yet at the same time it held an unknown darkness which, shuddered in his ears.

Part IV

Few weeks passed.

That day after school, the back of Kokuyou junior high's building was lively.

"President, where was the bag for the non-conbustable garbage?"

"Oh, Ushikubo-kun should have that."

"President, is there anything else I can do?"

"Eh? You finished cleaning over there? That's helpful, Baba-san."

The students worked hard to clean with brooms and garbage bags in hand. In the middle of all that was Masato who was working with beads of sweat collecting on his forehead with a smile.

Today was the major cleaning day with everyone from the student council working as a whole. Though, the amount of people littering significantly decreased therefore, it required less time to clean.

"Phew. . . well, let's call it an end after we throw all this garbage away."

"Yes!"

"Everyone, thanks for your work!"

Under the bright sun, Masato's refreshing voice echoed about.

"Excuse me."

The door to the staff room filled the rays of the setting sun opened as Masato entered. His middle aged homeroom teacher welcomed him with a smile.

"Oh, you're here, Hitsuji-kun."

"I'm terribly sorry. I was late due to the cleaning activities."

"No no, it's all right. I really appreciate all your efforts. More like, I was too late to say my thanks to you."

The teacher gazed at the sun light as he squinted his eyes slightly.

"Honestly, I never thought your efforts would blossom like this. The school actually changing this drastically. . . I really didn't think it can happen."

The teacher spoke nostalgically as his words warmed up Masato's heart.

Yes, he was successful.

He got rid of violence and wrong doings from the school and created a school that everyone can go to with a smile.

He was able to make his dream into a reality.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I've spoken a little too much. I actually got some news regarding schools that would like to recruit you."

"Eh. . ."

The school the teacher then mentioned was a famous high school that Masato desired to go to.

"But, someone like me. . ."

"What are you saying! It's because it's you!"

The teacher patted Masato's shoulders strongly.

"You changed the messed up school like this. I think that skill should be credited. This is what the entire faculty thinks."

"Teacher. . ."

"You will accept it, right? Hitsuji-kun."

He accepted the eyes of expectation as Masato gave a nod with his eyes filled with honor.

So light.

It must've been his first time since he felt his footsteps down the hall so light.

He heard the voices of the students that worked hard on their after school activities in the school yard. A normal after school scene at a normal junior high. However, to gain that, he had to go through so many hardships.

The graffiti that continued to reappear everytime he erased it was no longer existant.

There was not a single broken window.

In addition to that, the delinquents that continuously caused trouble were no where

to be found.

That was his ideal--

This was the slight of a proper school.

"Fufu. . . fufufufu. . . "

A laughter that escaped from him couldn't be stopped even if he tried.

He then entered the student council office where he left his bags.

". . . ah."

He noticed there was someone else there before him and stopped his laughter. Upon a light cough, he spoke to the other.

"Long time no see, Kabane-kun."

"Yes. . . long time no see. . ."

Kabane responded with a weak smile.

"What's wrong? You haven't been coming to the student council office for a while. Were you occupied with something?"

"No. . . not really. . ."

"Then why? I was really lonely without you. Oh yes, everyone who used to be in the student council came back. Now, you don't have to be the only one doing all the hard work. That's why. . . "

"U-um. . . !"

Kabane raised his voice, almost as if he were squeezing it out.

"Um. . . well. . ."

"What is it, Kabane-kun?"

"I would like to ask. . . something. . . "

"Ask something? Sure, if it's something I can answer."

"It's just a rumor. . . a very silly rumor but. . . "

"Is it true that. . . you're using violence?"

Masato's expression changed.

He continued to smile. Though, there was a change in aura that was clearly different from before.

". . . P-president?"

"Where did you hear that? A story like that?"

"I-I'm sorry! I shouldn't have paid attention to a rumor like that! Even if my best friend Kashima-kun said it. . ."

"Oh, it's Kashima-kun. . ."

"!"

Kabane gasped as he turned to Masato.

"Ah, m-my mouth slipped. . . I mean, it's not like that! It's not like I heard the rumor from Kashima-kun or anything. . ."

At Kabane who was stuttering with excuses, Masato smiled.

"Sorry. I have some business to deal with."

"Eh. . ."

"See you, Kabane-kun. I'll talk to you again. . ."

"P-president!"

Kabane quickly stopped Masato with a shout.

"Is it true! Are you really. . ."

". . ."

Masato remained mute.

Without a word-- he locked the doors.

"!"

Kabane's face instantly turned pale,

"W-why. . . are you locking. . . "

"I don't want to be interrupted."

Masato inched closer to Kabane with a smile.

"Uh. . . "

Kabane stepped back shuddering.

Though, Masato's footsteps did not stop and he continued to advance until he pressed Kabane against the wall.

"P-pre. . . president. . ."

"Am I wrong?"

"Eh. . .?"

"It was only a few weeks. Only a few weeks and. . . I was able to change the school that I couldn't change for months."

Masato questioned him looking utterly lost.

"Am I really wrong?"

Kabane was only able to shiver with frightened eyes.

Watching him made Masato's inner "beast" thrash about even more without control.

"I think it's all thanks to you. Remeber the time with Rokudou Mukuro? The time when I punched my opponent to save you. . . How do you say it? I felt strength building within me. They say the pen is stronger than a sword. Maybe once in decades that may be true, but currently at this time, the one to become my strength is the sword."

"Then. . . then is it really true! You are making the delinquents listen to you by force?!"

"It's true."

"!"

Kabane's eyes shook with impact.

"No. . ."

"It was easy once I tried it. Basically, they just follow those who are stronger than them. Then to do what is right, I just had to stand above them. As you can see, everyone started to listen to me. Then the school became a peaceful place."

"I can't believe it. . ."

"What?"

"Everything! You said you hated violence that much! You said that it was wrong to go against violence with violence! This isn't the president that I idolized! The person I idolized was. . ."

Smack!!

". . . ?!"

It was an unexpected shot.

"Ah. . ."

Kabane fearfully placed his hand over his redened cheek. In those eyes then filled with tears.

Seeing that, Masato lightly smiled.

"Can you stop? Talking about the past."

"Ah. . . ugh. . ."

"And I want you to promise me. You won't tell anyone about this."

"Uh. . ."

"You can do it, right? You kept it our little secret before."

"Uh. . . uh. . ."

"Can you say it? Promise with me that you will keep this as our secret!"

Smack!

"Come on, quickly say it!"

Whack!

"What's wrong? Say it! If you don't say it, I won't stop! Come on!"

Thwack! Bam!

From slaps, it turned to punches--

With eyes fired up he. . . continued to punch.

Part V

Masato entered the gates of Kokuyou junior high refreshed even today.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning, president!"

To the under classmen who greeted him, Masato responded with a wave.

The eyes of admiration felt good.

In their eyes, Masato must appear like a messiah who recreated the school to its rightful form.

That feeling warmed Masato's heart as a sense of utter satisfaction.

His dream of turning the school back to a wonderful place like it used to be came true.

Also, the nomination for his next school has been finalized as well.

There was no other word to describe the moment aside from, the best.

--Until this morning.

". . . hm?"

Masato paused, noticing the crowd forming in front of the message board by the entrance way.

". . . "

There was a bad feeling running through Masato's mind.

Pushing aside the students to view what was on the message board, what jumped in his eyes was--

"Wha. . . !"

There were several photos.

After school. On the roof top. There were images of Masato continuously punching Yaginuma.

"Ugh!"

Masato hurried to rip all the photos off. His expression turned into what seemed rather monstrous as he began to dig through his thoughts.

(How could such pictures exist? Was it Yaginuma? No, he wouldn't have had the time to spare to do this. Then who could've. . .)

Leaving the scene, Masato cooled his mind while walking.

(No, calm down. Look for the culprit later. Right now, I have deal with these photos first. . .)

As bad as it can be, the photos were viewed by several students already. It would only take moments for the news to spread around the school by them.

At this rate, his nomination and his position as the president of the student council will be ruined.

(What to do. . . what to do. . .)

Distressing, Masato unfolded the picture that he crushed.

". . .!"

That was when Masato noticed an important fact.

If he looked carefully, what was on the photos were Masato's back side and there wasn't a single clear picture of his face.

(Maybe this. . . no, but. . .)

There can always be a worst case scenario.

There was a chance that someone noticed him just with his backside. Even if there was a rumor spreading, it would be the equivalence to his reputational demise.

Obviously, he would seal Yaginuma's mouth harder and he had other things to deal with for this situation---

"Hitsuji. . ."

"!"

Unexpectedly hearing his name called, he turned to see the sight of Yaginuma who was fearfully eyeing Masato's direction.

Perfect timing. First, with Yaginuma--

Masato's eyes glinted with evil as he drew closer to Yaginuma.

"H-hey, wait up! I came here to talk with you about something!"

"You too? Good, let's talk about it in the student council room. . ."

"Mukuro and his friends came back!"

"!"

Masato swallowed his breath slightly.

"This morning, there was someone who saw them go into the Kokuyou center! I'm serious! There's several others who saw them too!"

"Rokudou. . . Mukuro and his friends. . ."

That news was not a small impact towards Masato.

After the fight in the Kokuyou Center, Rokudou Mukuro and his friends somehow didn't appear in school.

Yaginuma and the others who tried to follow Mukuro lost their motive and as a result, they ended up giving into Masato's violent acts in a short period of time.

"Hey, will you be alright, Hitsuji? Will you really be able to beat Mukuro and his friends?"

"Of course. In reality, I beat Jyoushima and. . ."

Masato's words stopped.

He paused for a moment with a thoughtful look before the corner of his lips curved upward.

". . . I see. I can use this way."

"Hitsuji. . .?"

"Yaginuma, call everyone after school."

"Eh?"

At the sudden words, Yaginuma was startled.

"What is it, all of a sudden. . . D-don't tell me. . ."

"It's exactly what you think."

Masato stated with certainty.

"We'll go. To where Mukuro is."

Kokuyou Healthy land.

It has been a while since Masato stood before the building. But, he wasn't the same as what he was before.

That time, he was all alone.

But now, he had a lot of people including Yaginuma to charge in.

That was power.

He really felt that strongly.

"H-hey, Hitsuji. . . are you seriously going to go beat Mukuro. . ."

Whack!

"Ugh. . ."

Masato's backhand hit Yaginuma's face cleanly.

"If you say such whiney remarks next time, you'll experience something worse."

Yaginuma nodded many times as he held his nose dripping with blood.

"I told you before. Just with you guys, you can't stand a chance against them since you're so weak. That's why, I'm not asking you to win. Just do your best to stop Kakimoto and Jyoushima. During that chance. . ."

Masato's eyes were lit with a belligerent glow.

"I will beat Rokudou."

His words full of confidence kept the delinquents from even talking back. Quietly, they followed Masato as they entered the building.

(Rokudou Mukuro. . . you came back at such a nice timing.)

Masato had an idea.

The photos that showed the moments of violence.

He'll make it all Mukuro's fault.

It'll all be fine if he tells Yaginuma to spread that to everyone. From now on, he'll also make Mukuro listen to him with force.

(I won't let anyone ruin my ideal school. . . For that, I'll make you the sacrifice, Rokudou.)

There was not a single shard of guilt within his heart anymore.

He was simply controlled by his own desires for his own utopia.

"Rokudou Mukuro. . ."

Masato opened the door to the top floor as his eyes glinted when spotting his target.

Just like the first time he met him, Mukuro sat in the back of the room and stared at Masato without a word.

The pressure emitting from him like a historical warrior was the same as before.

However, for Masato who awakened with power, something like that was nothing to him now.

Masato quickly glanced around.

Jyoushim and Kakimoto was no where to be seen. Were they out somewhere? Whatever it may be, it was a perfect situation and the best opportunity with Mukuro being alone.

"Long time no see, Rokudou."

Masato spoke in a familiar tone.

Mukuro did not respond. Though, Masato did not mind and continued to speak.

"After I met you, my world changed 180 degrees. You guys made me realize. With small efforts and words, nothing will change. What you need is an overwhelming power. Just that can change the world."

With supremacy merged into his words, Masato stepped towards Mukuro.

"I. . ."

He clenched his hand with force. With a look of content, Masato drew his fist behind his waist.

"Believe in violence."

It was released.

A straight punch without mercy; heading straight towards Mukuro's face who was sitting.

Baaaaaaaam!

An explosive sound that echoed throughout the large room.

Though--

"!"

It was stopped.

So simply, by Mukuro, who remained seated.

". . . Ugh!"

Agitated, Masato's face cringed in pain.

Mukuro's hand that grabbed the punch began to apply force.

"L-let go! Let goooo!!"

His left leg swung up as it aimed towards Mukuro's face. Though, with bad posture, it was clearly impossible to properly kick, thus Masato completely lost his balance and fell to the ground.

"Ugh. . . !"

The pain of his back hitting against the floor ran through him.

Then--

"!"

Mukuro rose.

A counterattack would come! Masato quickly guarded his head with both of his arms.

Though, Mukuro did not try to attack Masato.

He simply gazed down at Masato with saddened eyes.

"Why. . . "

". . . eh?"

"Why. . . did you fall this low?"

To the words full of emotion, Masato lost his words.

"Why did you. . ."

"Since that's what humans are."

To the voice that cut him off unexpectedly, Mukuro turned.

Masato turned his attention towards the direction Mukuro was facing.

"Kabane!"

The one who stood by the entrance was a familiar face.

And around him was Yaginuma and the others unconscious. Without a look of pain, they were there as if they were sleeping.

"W-what happened, Kabane! What happend to Yaginuma and the others. . ."

"It was an instant, wasn't it? For him to fall."

Ignoring Masato, Kabane spoke to Mukuro who looked distressed.

"There is no way for a person's world to change that easily. But, he drowned instantly. He believed that he was able to change the school with his power. Even if that world, that time. . . was an illusion created by me."

"!"

An illusion--

Kabane's words shook Masato roughly.

What was Kabane saying?

What exactly was. . . an illusion--

"It was everything like you planned."

Mukuro spit his words out with frustration.

Kabane responded with a smile.

"I just opened the gates and directed him down the path. The one who chose to go that way without questioning was himself. It was his will to drown himself in blood and violence. If he wanted to stop, he could've stopped. However, he continued to go. . ."

His eyes filled with joy were turned to Masato who was shivering from astonishment.

"To a point where he didn't feel anything after punching his precious underclassmen."

Those words quietly, but surely consumed Masato's body entirely.

(Kaba. . . ne. . .?)

Why would he say such things?

Everything was all Kabane's plans? It can't be!

The weak willed Kabane would never draw someone he admires into a trap.

From long before, Kabane was always--

Long before--

(. . . long before?)

A frigid sweat trickled down inside of Masato.

Since when. . . was Kabane by his side?

He can't remember. He can't remember a thing.

The time he suffered, the time he wanted an ally, he couldn't remember anything about Kabane who was beside him during those times--

"!"

-- Hey, Hitsuji, You're doing this again, by yourself?

-- What are you mumbling by yourself. Huh?

-- When you did everything all by yourself, did anyone follow you? Were you able to change anything?!

"A. . . lone. . .?"

Alone--

Yes. . . he was alone.

That was when he slipped right into Masato who was trembling with loneliness.

Everytime Masato looked at his eyes, he could forget about all the pains and was at ease.

And his eyes -- was what released Masato's inner desires.

"Kabane . . . who. . . are you. . ."

"Your desired ally. And what you've killed. . . the "corpse" of your dream."

"!"

Masato eyed Kabane's face straight forward.

In his right eye-- there was a character of "six" emerging.

"Six. . ."

Muttering, Masato's face turned pale like a ghost.

"Rokudou. . . Mukuro."

Masato did not know why he said that himself.

Though, Kabane gave a nod.

"Yes. My name is Rokudou Mukuro. No one by the name of Kabane exists. You just

imagined having an ally like that."

"No way. . . since Rokudou Mukuro is right there. . ."

Mukuro. . . no, the man who Masato thought to be Mukuro turned his gaze away.

That was enough proof saying he was not Mukuro.

"No way. . . no way. . ."

Despair on confusion thrashed about within Masato.

The Mukuro everyone thought was Mukuro was actually not Mukuro and the real Mukuro was beside him with a mask called Kabane on and pretended to be his ally.

For the entire time, he was observing Masato fall--

"!"

Masato quickly checked his cellphone and his eyes widened at the further truth.

The date shown there was only three days since the battle with Mukuro and Yaginuma.

In Masato's mind, a few weeks has passed.

"A dream. . . was everything a dream. . . even how the school became how I wanted to. . ."

"There's one thing that isn't a dream."

"Eh!"

Masato raised his head trying to grasp onto any little hope he can find--

"The reality of how you drowned in violence."

Stating bitterly, he placed his right hand before him.

"Alright, I will snap my fingers now. Then what will happen? The illusion of them being 'obedient to you' will disappear. The only memory that will remain will be the memories of them relieving violence from you."

"W. . . what. . ."

Masato's body shuddered.

Yaginuma and the others were under a hypnosis too? They weren't actually fearing his strength and following him?!

"When they awaken from their dream. . . what will they do to you?"

"S-stop. . . don't do it. . . "

"What are you fearing? You believe in violence, right? Then there should be no problem after I awaken them from their dream. Well, let's do it."

"N-no. . . I. . . I. . ."

"Three. . . "

"P-please. . . not anymore. . ."

"Two. . ."

"I beg of you. . . pleaseeeee. . . "

"One. . ."

"Stoooooooooooooooooop!"

"Zero."

The sound of his fingers snapping echoed.

And-- the time of hell began.

"Yo~ are you finished, Mukuro-san?"

To Jyoushima and Kakimoto who entered the room, Kabane-- the true Rokudou Mukuro turned with a smile.

"Yes, just now. You should've watched here with me too."

"I wanted to do that too, but Kaki-P stopped me."

"If you're there, you're most likely to do something unneeded, Ken."

"Eeee!! You're saying things like that again? I'm pissed, you no-no glasses!"

". . . will you stop calling me that?"

"Come now, you two."

Mukuro calmed the two who appeared to dislike each other intensely.

"I apologize for making you two bored."

"It's fine. We've gotten a good catch as well."

Thud.

What Kakimoto tossed out was a young boy bounded with ropes.

"The ranking Futa. He seems to know the 10th Vongola."

"Oh my."

Mukuro drew close happily to Futa who was gagged.

"Ranking Futa, the one who is highly acknowledged for his accuracy in ranking by the Italian mafia. . . If it's information from him, there is no mistake."

Futa, even if he was fear struck, he glared back at Mukuro with a strong will in his eyes.

Mukuro's lips arched into a smile full of joy as he directed his attention back to Jyoushima and Kakimoto.

"Well, our game here is finished. Once we get information from this child, we'll start to move."

"Oh! Finally pyo~n!"

Jyoushima leaped with joy as if he was totally willing to get into action.

Behind his glasses, Kakimoto's eyes glistened with silent yet strong desire for battle.

Through this incident, Mukuro completely ruled over Kokuyou Junior High. In the public, he was the replacement of the president who committed a crime with violence.

In addition to that, with a source of information called Futa in hand, they were about to move to their true motive.

The motive of plundering the 10th Vongola.

"I will count on you too, Lancia."

Mukuro spoke to the tall man with the displeased look -- the double of his.

Though, still appearing grimace, Lancia spoke.

". . . how cruel."

"Yes?"

"Why must you go this far? If you wanted to just conquer the school, you could've done it easily."

"Yes, I could've."

"Then why. . . !"

"But, you need this before a battle."

"Need. . . ?"

"A sacrifice, praying for victory."

With that said, he began to walk.

To the place colored with blood that still hasn't dried; the remainder of gruesome revenge.

"Wait, Mukuro! Why did you have to choose that man! Were you not able to forgive him for speaking of high-sounding ideas? Mukuro!!"

"It's not like that. Just. . . his name was nice."

"Name. . . ?"

A boy who was laying on the bare concrete floor. His face was deformed to a point you could not tell who he was. His bones, broken in numerous areas and his breath as faint as an insect's.

Mukuro knelt beside him and whispered.

"Aren't humans wonderful, Hitsuji-san."

Explanations

Kabane

Yes, he was Mukuro. Mukuro in kanji is written as 骸 which means corpse. The name Kabane 屍 was a pun which also means corpse. Just so you know, in the novel, the entire time, Kabane's name was written as 樺根 which, does not really mean anything (it's just a name). But, it would've been a big give away if his name was written as 屍 so, the author must've chose a different way of writing it, but making it still sound the same.

Hitsuji Masato

His name was pretty interesting. For those who may've noticed, Hitsuji means "sheep". In the novel, it was written as 日辻 which is also just a name, but sounds exactly like 羊 which means sheep. Thus, Mukuro chose him to "sacrifice". Also, Masato's name 真人 happens to also mean "man of truth".

Other character name puns:

Ushikubo- cow
Baba- horse
Kashima- deer

As I said/writted on the "resume" of this LN: This is not from my autory, I just want to share it 'cause it's so difficult to find the "Hidden Bullets" of Akira Amano. I'll work on a Spanish translation fro a lot of reasons (I hope to do in German too).

So, thanks for understand me.